

CLAIM

A SONG OF IRE AND VICE

#2 OF 4



SOURCE POINT PRESS

ALMES WRIGHT DIMITRIEVSKI BIRCH



DEEP WATER
GAMES



CLAIM CREATED BY SCOTT ALMES

WRITTEN BY GREG WRIGHT

ART BY MIHAJLO DIMITRIEVSKI

LETTERING BY JUSTIN BIRCH

EDITED BY CHRISTINA BLANCH



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WE
ARE AT
WAR.



AND THOUGH
WE STRUGGLE TO
CLAIM THE *THRONE* FOR
OUR HARD-WORKING
DWARF POPULATION...
THERE IS A DISTINCT
LACK OF *PIE* IN
THIS ROOM.

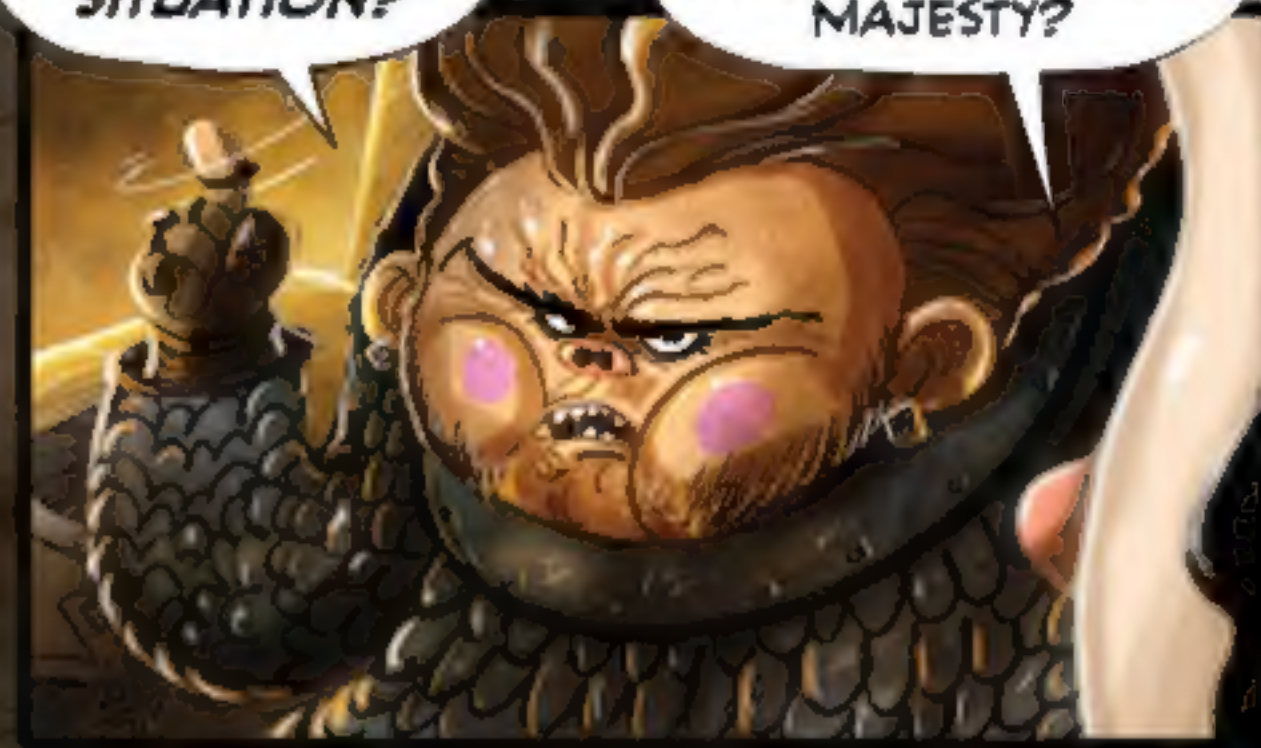
I SHALL
INVESTIGATE
THE *PIE SUPPLY*,
YOUR
MAJESTY.

QUEEN BUTTERNUT:
DWARF QUEEN.
PROUD. TOUGH. NOT
REALLY HUNGRY BUT
CRAVING PIE.

HOLLY BRANCH:
LEAD MERCENARY
WARRIOR AND
KNOWER OF THINGS.

AND DO
YOU HAVE A
PLAN FOR THIS...
SITUATION?

THE... "*PIE*
SITUATION," YOUR
MAJESTY?



I MEANT
THE "*CLAIM-
THE-THRONE*
SITUATION,"
HOLLY.



YOUR
ARMIES CAN *CRUSH*
YOUR *ENEMIES*.
PRINCESS PUMPKIN
IS CONVINCING THEM
THEIR *MIGHT* MAKES
RIGHT.

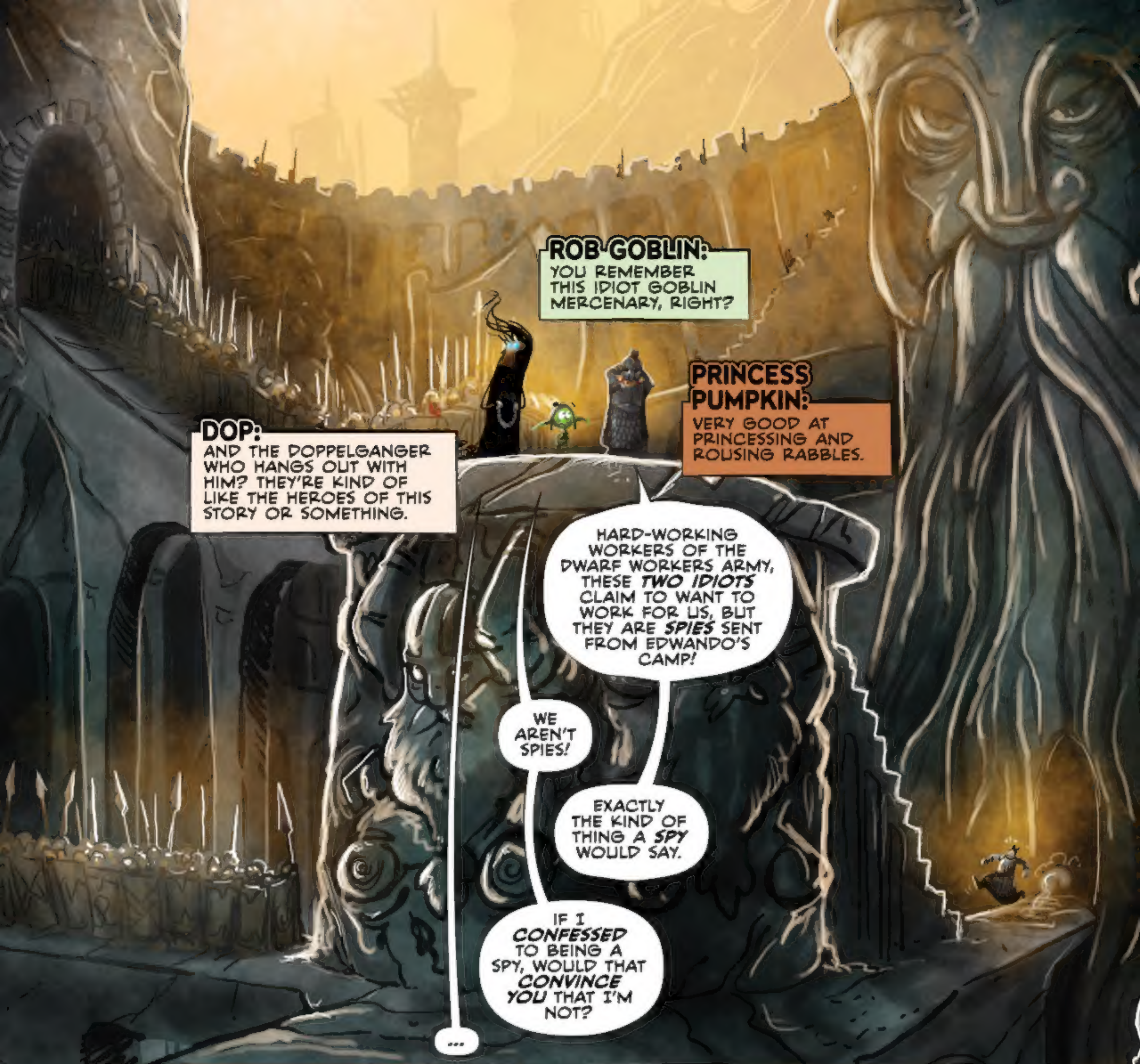
LET US GO! WE'RE
ENCAPTURED
AGAINST OUR
WILL!

IN THE
COURTYARD...I
RECOGNIZE THAT
VOICE! I'LL
INVESTIGATE.

AND...
THE *PIE*?

THAT
TOO, YOUR
MAJESTY.





ROB GOBLIN:
YOU REMEMBER
THIS IDIOT GOBLIN
MERCENARY, RIGHT?

DOP:
AND THE DOPPELGANGER
WHO HANGS OUT WITH
HIM? THEY'RE KIND OF
LIKE THE HEROES OF THIS
STORY OR SOMETHING.

**PRINCESS
PUMPKIN:**
VERY GOOD AT
PRINCESSING AND
ROUSING RABBLES.

HARD-WORKING
WORKERS OF THE
DWARF WORKERS ARMY,
THESE *TWO IDIOTS*
CLAIM TO WANT TO
WORK FOR US, BUT
THEY ARE *SPIES* SENT
FROM EDWANDO'S
CAMP!

WE
AREN'T
SPIES!

EXACTLY
THE KIND OF
THING A *SPY*
WOULD SAY.

IF I
CONFESSED
TO BEING A
SPY, WOULD THAT
CONVINCE
YOU THAT I'M
NOT?

...



WAIT, YOUR
MAJESTY! DON'T
KILL THEM *YET*.
THEY MIGHT BE
USEFUL.

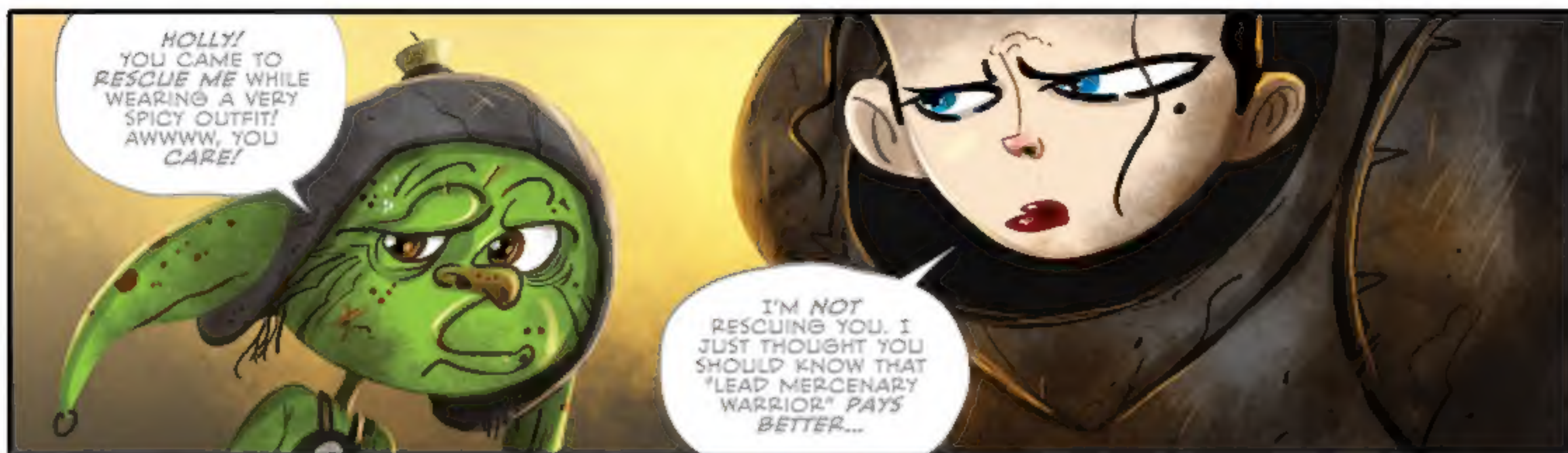
THEY'RE
ALREADY *USEFUL*.
MY *EXECUTIONERS*
NEED *EXERCISE*.



THEY CLAIM THEY WANT
TO JOIN US AS
MERCENARIES.

WE JUST
WANT TO GET
RICH KILLING
PEOPLE. IS
THAT SO
WRONG?

...







ASSASSINS
EVERYWHERE ARE
TRYING TO **DESTROY**
QUEEN BUTTERNUT.
YOU TWO IDIOTS
CAN **GUARD** HER
FOOD.

DOES
EATING COUNT
AS **ELIMINATING**
THREATS?

...



CAREFUL
WITH THAT
FORK, YOUR
MAJESTY.

IF YOU **STAB**
YOURSELF, I
THINK DOP AND
I GET **DOCKED**
PAY...



SO WHAT'S
YOUR **PLAN**
FOR CLAIMING
THE **THRONE**?

SHOULDN'T YOU
HAVE GUYS LIKE ME AND
DOP OUT MASSACRATING
YOUR ENEMIES INSTEAD
OF BEING **LIFEGUARDS**
FOR YOUR **SOUP**?

THE
LOYALTY OF
MY **DWARF**
ARMY IS
KEY.



MY DAUGHTER PRINCESS
PUMPKIN IS A MOTIVATIONAL
SPEAKER, AND SHE'S GIVING
A **SPEECH** ABOUT LOYALTY
RIGHT NOW.

YEAH, SHE'S VERY
MOTIVATIONAL. SHE
ALMOST LITERALLY
MOTIVATED MY
HEAD OFF!



DEATH TO ALL OUR
EXPLOITERS!

WHAT EXACTLY
IS THE DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN A **MOTIVATED**
CROWD AND AN
ANGRY MOB?

...



MY FELLOW DWARVES--

YEAH!

WOO!

WE'RE DWARVES!

THESE ARE DIFFICULT TIMES TO BE A DWARF...

BOO FOR DIFFICULT TIMES!

THEY SUCK!



WE ARE THE **WORKERS**. WE DIG ALL DAY IN THE **MINES**. BUT OUR WORK HAS BEEN **EXPLOITED** TOO LONG...



WE CAN **CLAIM** THIS KINGDOM! MIGHT MAKES RIGHT!

THE MIGHT OF HARD-WORKING DWARVES WILL **NO LONGER** BE MANIPULATED BY THE SURFACE-DWELLERS IN POWER!

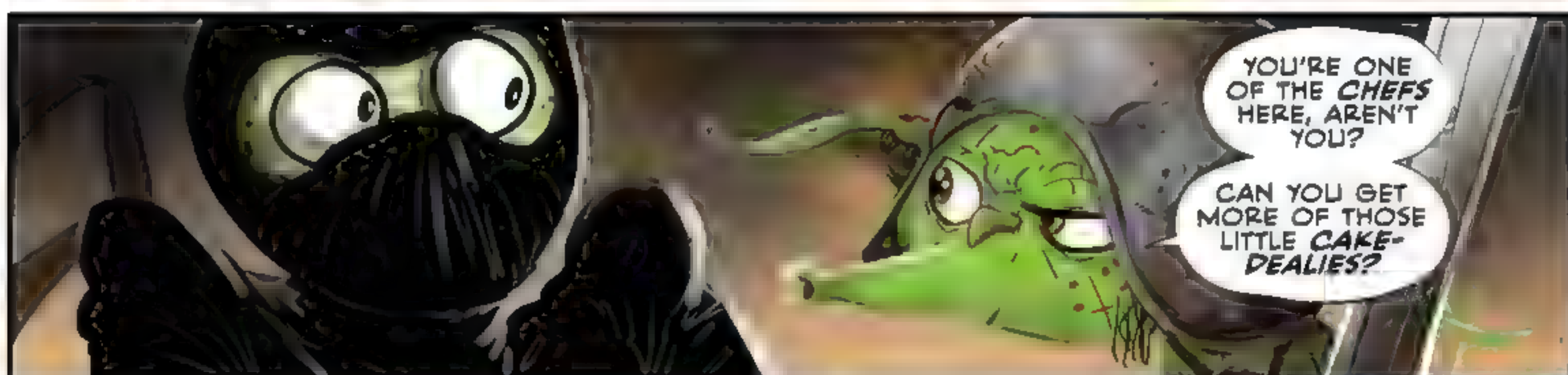
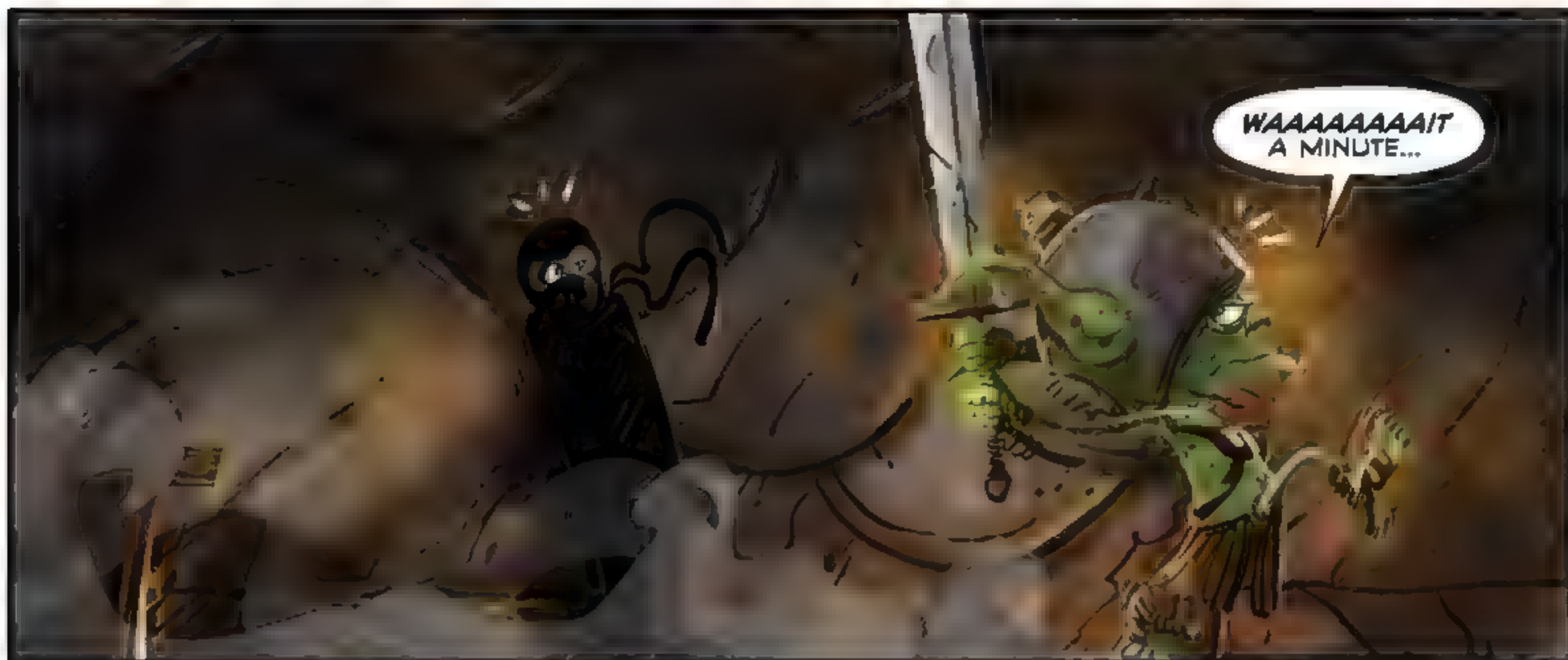
LET'S TAKE BACK OUR POWER FROM THOSE WHO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF US. WE HAVE THE **TOOLS**!

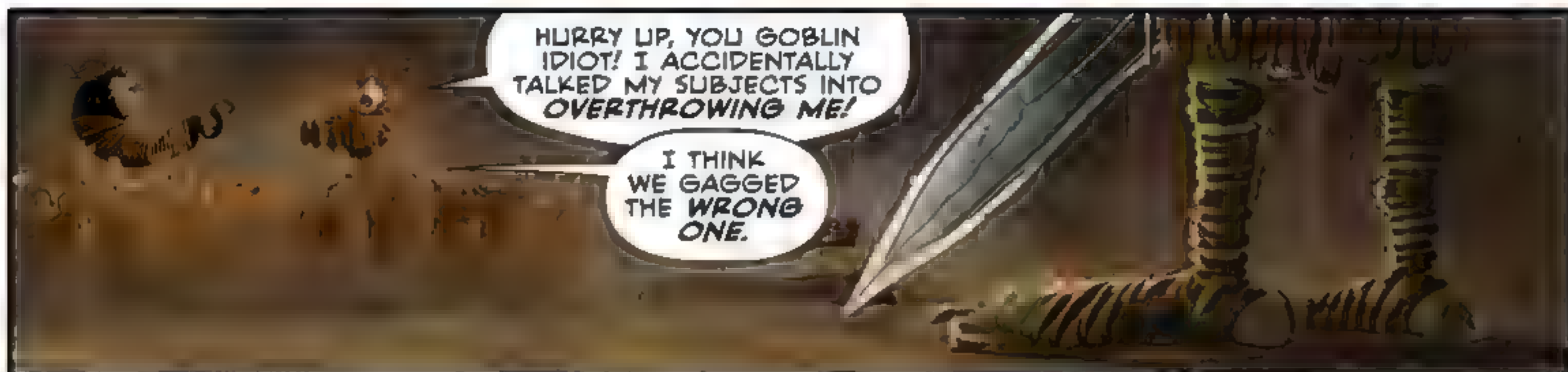
I MEAN THAT LITERALLY. YOU COULD **KILL** PEOPLE WITH YOUR MINING **TOOLS**. WHAT ARE WE **WAITING** FOR?

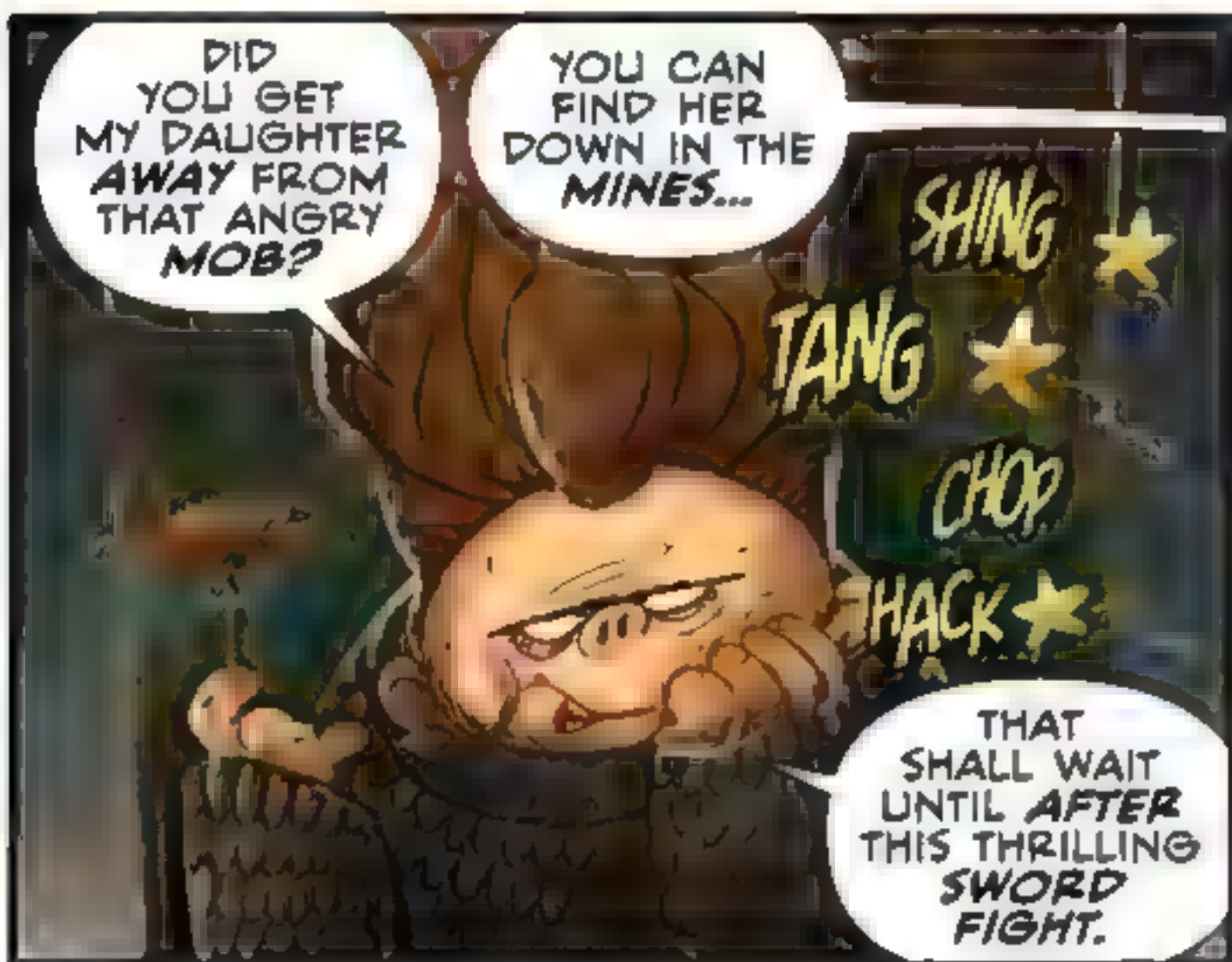



















HOLY
CRAB CRAP
IN A CAP!
DOP, IS THAT
YOU?

DOP, DO
YOU KNOW
THIS MASSIVE,
DEADLY
DRAGON?

...

IT'S **ME!**
YOUR SECOND
COUSIN,
DOUBLE P!

WOW,
DOP. I DIDN'T
REALIZE THAT
ANYONE IN YOUR
FAMILY WAS...
TALKATIVE.

...

ISN'T THIS
WHOLE CLAIMING THE
THRONE THING **WILD?**
ME AND A BUNCH OF
DOPPELGANGERS ALL
WORK FOR **ASH THE
LESSER**. YOU SHOULD
JOIN UP!

BUT WE'RE
JUST TWO
MISERABLE
FAILURES...

PERFECT!
YOU'LL FIT RIGHT
IN WITH **ASH THE
LESSER**.

...



LAST NIGHT
I HAD **BEAUTIFUL
NIGHTMARES** FILLED WITH
PLAGUES OF LOCUSTS
AND PLAGUES OF BLOOD
AND PLAGUES OF
JUST REGULAR
PLAGUES.

ASH THE LESSER:
DOESN'T BELIEVE
IN ANYTHING BUT
DESTRUCTION. KIND
OF A BUMMER.



THEY INSPIRED
ME TO WRITE A
POEM. BUT IT WAS
SO PURE THAT
HEARING IT WOULD
BE **LETHAL**. HERE'S
A LESSER POEM
INSTEAD.



BLACKNESS!

BLACKNESS
EVERYWHERE. IN
MY B-HOLE. IN
THE AIR.

NOTHINGNESS
IS MY
EVERYTHINGNESS.

EVER SEE A
RAINBOW OF
JUST **BLACKNESS**?
THAT'S MY SOUL.
IN A COFFIN.

BUT
ALSO UP IN THE
AIR. YOU CAN'T
SEE IT BECAUSE
OF ALL THE...
BLACKNESS!



BLACKNESS!

SIR, THAT'S...
DEEP. AND I'M NOT
JUST SAYING THAT
BECAUSE YOU PAY
MY **SALARY**.



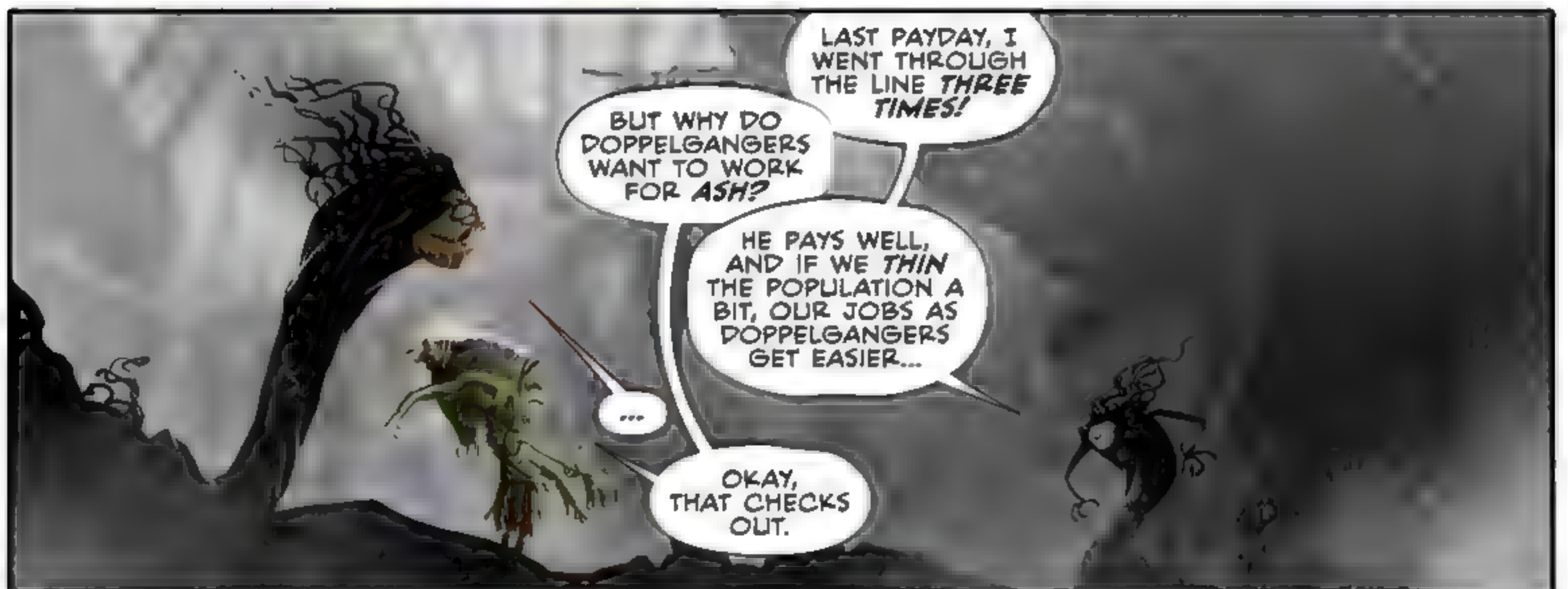
WILL I
EVER **CLAIM**
THE THRONE?
IT **DOESN'T**
MATTER.

DISAPPOINTMENT
IS MY **ONLY FRIEND**.
AND HE'S NOT EVEN
A **VERY GOOD**
FRIEND EITHER...



I MEAN, **HISTORICALLY**,
HAVE ANY RULERS EVER
SUCCEEDED
LONG-TERM?

CAN YOU THINK
OF EVEN **ONE**
PERSON FROM
HISTORY WHO'S STILL
ALIVE TODAY?





WHAT SHOULD
I DO ABOUT MY
PLANTS DYING?
JUST BURY THEM
DEEPER?

YOUR
HIGHNESS!



OR, I MEAN,
YOUR LOWNESS.
WHATEVER.

I BRING
YOU THESE TWO
MERCENARIES.

WHATEVER.
WILL THEY FIT
IN HERE?



ALL
OF EXISTENCE
IS MADE UP
OF ENDLESS
SUFFERING.

EVEN
SUCCOTASH?



I WANT TO
CUT OFF MY OWN
HANDS WITH AN AXE,
BUT I CAN'T FIGURE
OUT HOW TO GET
THE SECOND
ONE.

GOOD
ANSWER.



I BELIEVE
IN *NOTHING*
AND ONLY WANT
TO WATCH THE
WORLD *BURN*.

BUT SURE,
PUT THEM ON
THE *PAYROLL*. I
DON'T CARE.
WHATEVER.



THEY FILLED IN MY FAVORITE HOLE IN THE ROAD, AND NOW THERE IS SOMETHING MISSING WHERE THERE WAS ONCE NOTHING BEFORE.



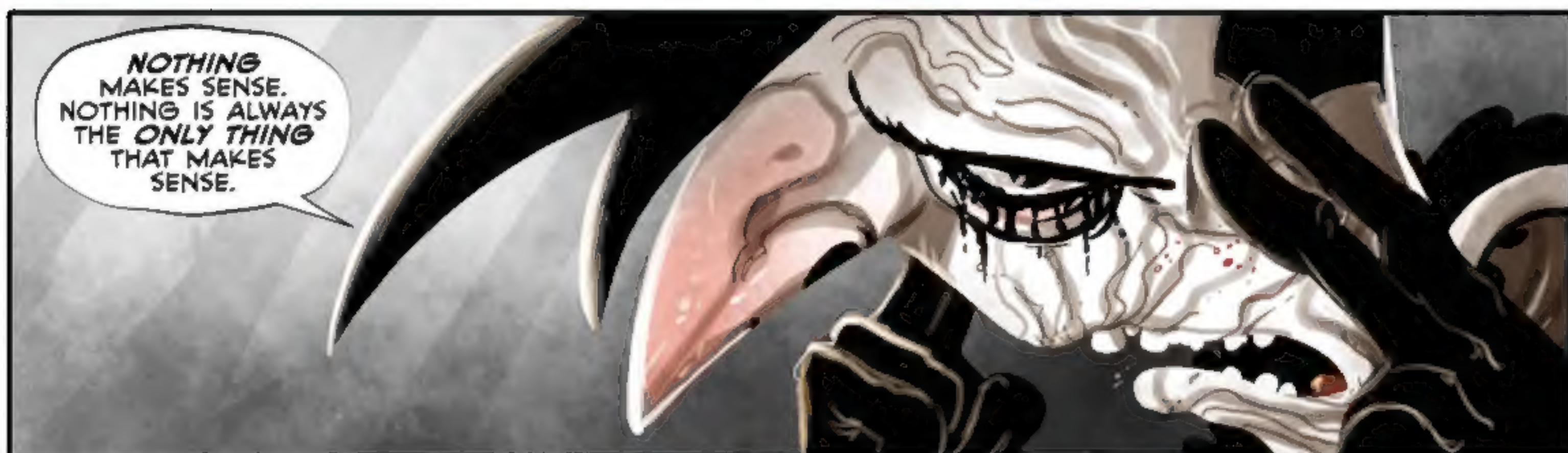
YAH! DEATH TO ASH THE LESSER!



WAIT, WHAAAAAAT?



HOLD ON.
REMEMBER ME?
POP'S SECOND
COUSIN, DOUBLE
P? THE TALKATIVE
ONE? YOUR
FRIEND?



NOTHING
MAKES SENSE.
NOTHING IS ALWAYS
THE **ONLY THING**
THAT MAKES
SENSE.



IT WAS MY IDEA TO **FAKE** AN ASSASSINATION
ATTEMPT TO KEEP THIS WHOLE MERCENARY
THING **PROFITABLE** WHILE WE ALL
DO **NOTHING...**

RIGHT. I'D
ALREADY FIGURED
THAT OUT. THANKS
FOR EXPLAINING
IT TO THESE
DUMMIES,
THOUGH.

...



THIS
JUST GOES
TO SHOW
YOU...

EVEN IF YOU
STICK YOUR WHOLE
FOOT IN YOUR EYE,
IT'S **IMPOSSIBLE** TO
SEE WHERE YOU'RE
GOING.



I'VE GOT
AN EMPTY,
DESPERATE
GESTURE TO
MAKE!

HE'S MOVING
QUICKLY! THAT
CAN'T BE
GOOD! **STOP**
HIM!



I'LL **PROVE**
TO YOU ALL THAT
NOTHING MEANS
ANYTHING!

HE'S PRETTY
FAST FOR
A SCRAWNY
GUY, ISN'T
HE?

...



SEE? I AM
BURNING
MY OWN
POEMS!

THE WORLD
SHALL BE DEPRIVED
OF MY **MELANCHOLY**
GENIUS! THAT'S HOW
MEANINGLESS
EVERYTHING IS!



THAT WAS HIS
BIG GESTURE?
BURNING
HIS **STUPID**
POETRY?

I GUESS IT
WORKED. I FEEL...
NOTHING.

...



WE
SHALL SET
THE ENTIRE
WORLD ON
FIRE!

JUST **PAY**
US FIRST
PLEASE!



DO YOU SMELL
SOMETHING
BURNING?

COULD
IT BE...THE
WORLD?

